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From Tuesday, January 19. to Tuesday, January 26. 1730-31.

LONDON, *Octob.* 5.

THE following Poem is one of the Pieces written by the now much talk'd of *Stephen Duck*, who was lately a poor Thresher in a Barn in the County of *Wilts*, at the Wages of *Four Shillings and Six-pence* per *Week:* But the Right Honourable the Earl of *Macclesfield*, (who had taken some Notice of him before) having read This, with some other of his Poems publickly in the Drawing Room at *Windsor*, on the 11th of *September* past, to her Majesty; She was thereupon most graciously pleased to take the Author into her Royal Protection, by allowing him a Salary of Thirty Pounds *per Ann.* and a small House at *Richmond* in *Surrey*, to live in, for the better Support of himself and Family.

The THRESHER's LABOUR.

THE grateful Tribute of these rural Lays,
Which to her Patron's Hand the Muse conveys,
Deign to accept; 'tis just the Tribute bring
To him whose Bounty gives her Life to sing:
To him whose generous Favours tune her Voice,
And bid her 'midst her Poverty rejoice.
Inspir'd by These, she dares her self prepare,
To sing the Toils of each revolving Year:
Those endless Toils, which always grow anew,
And the poor *Thresher*'s destin'd to pursue;
Ev'n these with Pleasure can the Muse rehearse,
When You, and Gratitude, command the Verse.

SOON as the Harvest hath laid bare the Plains,
And Barns well fill'd reward the Farmer's Pains:
What Corn each Sheaf will yield, intent to hear,
And guess from thence the Profits of the Year;
Or else impending Ruin to prevent,
By paying, timely, threat'ning Landlord's Rent,
He calls his *Threshers* forth: Around we stand,
With deep Attention waiting his Command.
To each our Tasks he readily divides,
And pointing, to our different Stations guides.
As he directs, to different Barns we go;
Here two for Wheat, and there for Barley two.
But first, to shew what he expects to find,
These Words, or Words like these, disclose his Mind:
So dry the Corn was carried from the Field,
So easily 'twill Thresh, so well 'twill Yield;
Sure large Day's Work I well may hope for now;
Come, strip, and try, let's see what you can do.
Divested of our Cloaths, with Flail in Hand,
At a just Distance, Front to Front we stand;
And first the Threshall gently swung, to prove,
Whether with just Exactness it will move:
That once secure, more quick we whirl them round,
From the strong Planks our Crab-Tree Staves rebound,
And echoing Barns return the rattling Sound.
Now in the Air our knotty Weapons fly,
And now with equal Force descend from high:
Down one, one up, so well they keep the Time,
The *Cyclops* Hammers could not truer chime;
Nor with more heavy Strokes could *Aetna* groan,
When *Vulcan* forg'd the Arms for *Thetis*' Son.
In briny Streams our Sweat descends apace,
Drops from our Locks, or trickles down our Face.
No intermission in our Works we know;
The noisy Threshall must for ever go.
Their Master absent, others safely play;
The sleeping Threshall doth it self betray.
Nor yet the tedious Labour to beguile,
And make the passing Minutes sweetly smile.
Can we, like Shepherds, tell a merry Tale?
The Voice is lost, drown'd by the noisy Flail.
But we may Think------Alas! what pleasing Thing
Here to the Mind can the dull Fancy bring?
The Eye beholds no pleasant Object here:
No chearful Sound diverts the list'ning Ear.
The Shepherd well may tune his Voice to sing,
Inspir'd by all the Beauties of the Spring:
No Fountains murmur here, no Lambkins play,
No Linets warble, and no Fields look gay:
'Tis all a dull and melancholy Scene,
Fit only to provoke the Muses Spleen.
When sooty Pease we thresh, you scarce can know
Our native Colour, as from Work we go;
The Sweat, and Dust, and suffocating Smoke,
Make us so much like *Ethiopians* look:
We scare our Wives, when Evening brings us home;
And frighted Infants think the Bugbear come.
Week after Week we this dull Task pursue,
Unless when winnowing Days produce a new;
A new indeed, but frequently a worse,
The Threshall yields but to the Master's Curse:
He counts the Bushels, counts how much a Day,
Then swears we've idled half our Time away:
Why look ye, Rogues! D'ye think that this will do?
Your Neighbours thresh as much again as you.
Now in our Hands we wish our noisy Tools,
To drown the hated Names of Rogues and Fools;
Reasoning thus, — just like School-Boys look,
When th' angry Master views the blotted Book:
They cry their Ink was faulty, and their Pen;
We, The Corn threshes bad, 'twas cut too green.
But now the Winter hides his hoary Head,
And Nature's Face is with new Beauty spread;
The Spring appears, and kind refreshing Showers
New clothe the Field with Grass, and deck with Flowers.
Next her, the ripening Summer presses on,
And *Sol* begins his longest Stage to run:
Before the Door our welcome Master stands,
And tells us the ripe Grass requires our Hands.
The long much-wish'd Intelligence imparts
Life to our Looks, and Spirit to our Hearts:
We wish the happy Season may be fair,
And joyful, long to breathe in opener Air.
This Change of Labour seems to give much Ease;
With Thoughts of Happiness our Joy's complete,
There's always Bitter mingled with the Sweet.
When Morn does thro' the eastern Windows peep,
Strait from our Beds we start, and shake off Sleep;
This new Employ with eager haste to prove,
This new Employ becomes so much our Love:
Alas! That human Joys should change so soon,
Even this may bear another Face at Noon!
The Birds salute us as to Work we go,
And a new Life seems in our Breasts to glow.
A-cross one's Shoulder hangs a Scythe well steel'd,
The Weapon destin'd to unclothe the Field:
T'other supports the Whetstone, Scrip, and Beer;
That for our Scythes, and these our selves to cheer.
And now the Field designed our Strength to try
Appears, and meets at last our longing Eye;
The Grass and Ground each chearfully surveys,
Willing to see which Way th' Advantage lays.
As the best Man, each claims the foremost Place,
And our first Work seems but a sportive Race:
With rapid Force our well-whet Blades we drive,
Strain every Nerve, and Blow for Blow we give:

Tho' but this Eminence the Foremoſt gains,
Only t' excel the reſt in Toil and Pains:
But when the ſcorching Sun is mounted high,
And no kind Barns with friendly Shades are nigh,
Our weary Scythes entangle in the Graſs,
And Streams of Sweat run trickling down a-pace;
Our ſportive Labour we too late lament,
And wiſh that Strength again, we vainly ſpent.
Thus in the Morn a Courier I have ſeen,
With headlong Fury ſcour the level Green,
Or mount the Hills, if Hills are in his way,
As if no Labour could his Fire allay,
'Till the meridian Sun with ſultry Heat,
And piercing Beams hath bath'd his Sides in Sweat;
The lengthen'd Chace ſcarce able to ſuſtain,
He meaſures back the Hills and Dales with Pain.
With Heat and Labour tir'd, our Scythes we quit,
Search out a ſhady Tree, and down we ſit;
From Scrip and Bottle hope new Strength to gain;
But Scrip and Bottle too are try'd in vain.
Down our parch'd Throats we ſcarce the Bread can get,
And quite o'er-ſpent with Toil, but faintly eat;
Nor can the Bottle only anſwer all,
Alas! the Bottle and the Beer's too ſmall.
Our Time ſlides on, we move from off the Graſs,
And each again betakes him to his Place.
Not eager now, as late our Strength to prove,
But all contented regular to move:
Often we whet, as often view the Sun,
To ſee how near his tedious Race is run;
At length he vails his radiant Face from ſight,
And bids the weary Traveller Good-night:
Homewards we move, but ſo much ſpent with Toil,
We walk but ſlow, and reſt at every Stile.
Our good expecting Wives, who think we ſtay,
Got to the Door, ſoon eye us in the Way;
Then from the Pot the Dumpling's catch'd in haſte,
And homely by its Side the Bacon's plac'd.
Supper and Sleep by Morn new Strength ſupply,
And out we ſet again our Works to try:
But not ſo early quite, nor quite ſo faſt,
As to our Coſt we did the Morning paſt.
Soon as the riſing Sun hath drank the Dew,
Another Scene is open'd to our View;
Our Maſter comes, and at his Heels a Throng
Of prattling Females, armed with Rake and Prong,
Prepar'd, whil'ſt he is here, to make his Hay;
Or, if he turns his Back, prepar'd to play.
But here, or gone, ſure of this Comfort ſtill,
Here's Company, ſo they may chat their fill:
And were their Hands as active as their Tongues,
How nimbly then would move their Rakes and Prongs?
The Graſs again is ſpread upon the Ground,
Till not a vacant Place is to be found;
And while the piercing Sun-beams on it ſhine,
The Haymakers have Time allow'd to dine:
That ſoon diſpatch'd, they ſtill ſit on the Ground,
And the brisk Chat renew'd, afreſh goes round:
All talk at once, but ſeeming all to fear,
That all they ſpeak ſo well, the reſt won't hear;
By quick Degrees ſo high their Notes they ſtrain,
That Standers by can naught diſtinguiſh plain:
So loud their Speech, and ſo confus'd their Noiſe,
Scarce puzzled Echo can return a Voice;
Yet ſpite of this, they bravely all go on,
Each ſcorns to be, or ſeem to be, outdone:
Till (unobſerv'd before) a low'ring Sky,
Fraught with black Clouds, proclaims a Shower nigh;
The tattling Croud can ſcarce their Garments gain,
Before deſcends the thick impetuous Rain:
Their noiſy Prattle all at once is done,
And to the Hedge they all for Shelter run.
Thus have I ſeen on a bright Summer's Day,
On ſome green Brake a Flock of Sparrows play;
From Twig to Twig, from Buſh to Buſh they fly,
And with continu'd Chirping fill the Sky;
But on a ſudden, if a Storm appears,
Their chirping Noiſe no longer dins your Ears;
They fly for Shelter to the thickeſt Buſh,
There ſilent ſit, and all at once is huſh.
But better Fate ſucceeds this rainy Day,
And little Labour ſerves to make the Hay;
Faſt as 'tis cut, ſo kindly ſhines the Sun,
Turn'd once or twice, the pleaſing Work is done:
Next Day the Cocks appear in equal Rows,
Which the glad Maſter in ſafe Reeks beſtows.
But now the Field we muſt no longer range,
And yet, hard Fate! ſtill Work for Work we change.
Back to the Barns again in haſte we're ſent,
Where lately ſo much Time we penſive ſpent:
Not penſive now; we bleſs the friendly Shade,
And to avoid the parching Sun are glad.
But few Days here we're deſtin'd to remain,
Before our Maſter calls us forth again:
For Harveſt now, ſays he, yourſelves prepare,
The ripen'd Harveſt now demands your Care;
Early next Morn I ſhall diſturb your Reſt,
Get all Things ready and be quickly dreſt.
Strict to his Word, ſcarce the next Dawn appears,
Before his haſty Summons fills our Ears.
Obedient to his Call, ſtrait up we get,
And finding ſoon our Company complete;
With him, our Guide, we to the Wheat-field go;
He, to appoint, and we, the Work to do.
Ye Reapers, caſt your Eyes around the Field,
And view the Scene its different Beauties yield:
Then look again with a more tender Eye,
To think how ſoon it muſt in Ruin lie.
For once ſet in, where-e'er our Blows we deal,
There's no reſiſting of the well-whet Steel:
But here or there, where-e'er our Courſe we bend,
Sure Deſolation does our Steps attend.
Thus, when *Arabia*'s Sons, in hopes of Prey,
To ſome more fertile Country take their Way;
How beauteous all Things in the Morn appear,
There Villages, and pleaſing Cots are here;
So many pleaſing Objects meet the Sight,
The raviſhed Eye could willing gaze 'till Night:
But long e'er then, where-e'er their Troops have paſt,
Thoſe pleaſant Proſpects lie a gloomy Waſte.
The Morning paſt, we ſweat beneath the Sun,
And but uneaſily our Work goes on.
Before us we perplexing Thiſtles find,
And Corn blown adverſe with the ruffling Wind:
Behind our Backs the Female Gleaners wait,
Who ſometimes ſtoop, and ſometimes hold a Chat.
Each Morn we early riſe, go late to Bed,
And lab'ring hard, a painful Life we lead:
For Toils, ſcarce ever ceaſing, preſs us now,
Reſt never does but on the Sabbath ſhow,
And barely that, our Maſter will allow.
Nor, when aſleep, are we ſecure from Pain,
We then perform our Labours o'er again:
Our mimick Fancy always reſtleſs ſeems,
And what we act awake, ſhe acts in Dreams.
Hard Fate! Our Labours ev'n in Sleep don't ceaſe,
Scarce *Hercules* e'er felt ſuch Toils as theſe.
At length in Rows ſtands up the well-dry'd Corn,
A grateful Scene, and ready for the Barn.
Our well-pleaſed Maſter views the Sight with Joy,
And we for carrying all our Force employ.
Confuſion ſoon o'er all the Field appears,
And ſtunning Clamours fill the Workmens Ears;
The Bells, and claſhing Whips, alternate ſound,
And rattling Waggons thunder o'er the Ground.
The Wheat got in, the Peaſe, and other Grain,
Share the ſame Fate, and ſoon leave bare the Plain:
In noiſy Triumph the laſt Load moves on,
And loud Huzza's proclaim the Harveſt done.
Our Maſter joyful at the welcome Sight,
Invites us all to feaſt with him at Night.
A Table plentifully ſpread we find,
And Jugs of humming Beer to cheer the Mind:
Which he, too generous, puſhes on ſo faſt,
We think no Toils to come, nor mind the paſt.
But the next Morning ſoon reveals the Cheat,
When the ſame Toils we muſt again repeat:
To the ſame Barns again muſt back return,
To labour there for Room for next Year's Corn.
Thus, as the Year's revolving Courſe goes round,
No reſpite from our Labour can be found:
Like *Syſiphus*, our Work is never done,
Continually rolls back the reſtleſs Stone:
Now growing Labours ſtill ſucceed the paſt,
And growing always new, muſt always laſt.

Sunt

Santa Cruz, in South-Barbary, Sept. 5.

WE are here ſtill without a King. Tarradant is yet beſieged, but Morocco has ſurrendered to the King Muly Abdallah, who is now at Bulahwan, where the Negroes, by his Orders, have made dreadful Slaughter; 60 of the Elders were ſtrangled in their Tents, and murdered, and of the common People innumerable. After he has entered Morocco, the King is expected in theſe Parts of Sus.

Paris, Sept. 15. Two Arrets of the Council of State have been publiſhed here; the firſt of which prolongs for 3 Years more from the firſt of October next, the Diminution of the Duties formerly laid on Butter and Cheeſe brought from foreign Countries; and alſo upon thoſe of the Produce of this Kingdom: And the other prolongs for 3 Years from the 23d of October next, the Permiſſion granted to French Merchants who trade to the Iſles and Colonies of France in America, to import from foreign Countries, Bacon, Butter, Tallow, Candles, and Salt-Fiſh without paying any Duties.

Sept. 20. The King has given 1000 Crowns a Year Penſion to the Sieur Hermand, an Engineer, for his Invention of a little portable Printing-Office as it is ſaid, tho' it is thought that his Majeſty would rather have given him 2000 to have let it alone. However, it is plain that the Penſion in reality is for keeping it ſecret; for he has Orders not to diſcover it to any Body; but we are very well aſſured the Sieur Hermand is not the only Perſon that has the Uſe of that Invention.

The Sieur Marconay, a Phyſician, makes a great Noiſe here with his Sympathetick Powder, and daily pretends to make new Diſcoveries of its Virtues. He has lately, he ſays, proved it to be good againſt the Meaſles and Small Pox, by putting a Doſe into about 3 Ounces of the Perſons Blood that is threatned with it, and by making him drink of his Elixir of Life 4 times a Day, in 24 Hours the Venom that occaſioned the Maladies, ſhall be entirely thrown out by Perſpiration.

Nov. 10. It is written from Niot in the Province of Poictou, that 26 Perſons were ſeized there on Suſpicion of holding Aſſemblies for worſhipping God in the Proteſtant Way, one of whom, named Briffant, had been condemned to be hanged, after two Falſe Witneſſes had declared, on Oath, that they had heard him ſay, "Come, my Bre"thren, God Almighty will enable us to make Mortar with "the Blood of our Enemies to build up our Churches "again." Upon this Declaration the Sieur Chebron, the King's Advocate, carried Matters ſo far, as to inſiſt that all of them ſhould be hanged; but the Intendant was againſt it, and even deſirous of ſparing the Life of Briffant, but nevertheleſs was obliged to ſign the Sentence, though after the Example of Pilate, he waſhed his Hands of his Blood. The Death of the ſaid Briffant had ſuch an Effect, that the Roman Catholicks themſelves were ſhocked at it: When he was told what the Witneſſes had declared againſt him, he anſwered, "I am a Sinner, and why ſhould not "there be Falſe Witneſſes againſt me, as there was againſt "my Saviour? After Sentence of Death had paſſed on him, he remained two Days longer in Priſon, during which Time he inceſſantly exhorted his Brethren and Fellow Priſoners to continue ſtedfaſt in the Proteſtant Religion. The Day that he was carried to the Place of Execution, he kiſſed them all, and commended them to God's Protection, and after taking Leave of his Wife and two ſmall Children, and kiſſing them, he went up to the Gallows with Joyfulneſs, continuing to affirm that he was falſly accuſed: He acknowledged indeed, that he preached frequently, but that he was ready to ſhew all his Sermons: When he had got up the Ladder, he began to ſing the 51ſt Pſalm, but the Executioner gave him not Time enough to make an End, but turned him off. Many of the Roman Catholicks were thereupon ſo ſhocked, that they were obſerved to ſhed Tears.

Conſtantinople, Octob. 12. There has happened a very ſudden, unexpected and great Revolution here, which was begun by a ſingle Janizary, who pretended to be a Prophet, and ſaid he had a Viſion; That the Wars againſt the Emperor of the Chriſtians and the Perſians have been very fatal to the Ottoman Empire and Religion, by the Indolence of the Sultan, and the ill Conduct of the Vizier: That theſe had granted ſeveral conſiderable Provinces to the Enemies, which had coſt much Blood of the Muſſulmans, and that this Ceſſion had been made directly contrary to the expreſs Tenor of the Alcoran: That the Empire and Religion of the Turks would expire, if the Sultan Achmet continued on the Throne, and the Grand Vizier and the other Miniſters in the Government. The firſt Day he had not made many Adherents, and the Miniſtry might have ſtifled the Revolt, if they would; but that Night and the Day following the Faction increaſed to that Degree, that the Rebels came before the Seraglio, and demanded the Heads of the three prime Miniſters, which the Sultan after a long Refuſal, at laſt ſent to them. The Grand Vizier ſeeing he could no longer reſiſt them, took Poiſon, which he, it ſeems, always carried about him. The Rebels not content with having the Heads of the ſaid Miniſters, demanded Entrance into the Seraglio, to lay hold of other bad Counſellors, and to puniſh them as they deſerved; but this being denied, a deſperate Rencounter enſued, and the Rebels having forced the Gates, they maſſacred 700 Perſons, but they ſhut up in the old Seraglio the Sultan, his Sons and his Wives, and advanced Sultan Mahomet to the Throne, Son of the depoſed Sultan's Brother, who had been depoſed in 1703. After this they ſent a Chiaus to the Army in Syria, to Arreſt and bring hither the eldeſt Son of the confined Sultan, who was left with the Command of the Army, when his Father returned hither. The Author of this Revolution afterwards disbanded his People, and cauſed to be reſtored to the Inhabitants all that had been taken from them, ſo that in three Days Time all was as quiet as if there had not happened the leaſt Commotion.

Vienna, Nov. 11. We have freſh Letters from Conſtantinople, which inform us, that the late Tumult is entirely ceaſed; that the Janizaries have extorted a Promiſe that the Authority of the Prime Viziers ſhall be curtailed, and other Conceſſions made; and that ſeveral Millions of Money were found at the Vizier's and Kiaja's lately ſtrangled, ſo that every Man in the Army, which conſiſted of 40000 Janizaries, and 25000 other Soldiers, had 25 Pieces of Eight to his ſhare. They add, that tho' it was thought at firſt, that the new Miniſtry would have made Peace with Perſia, and bent all their Forces againſt the Chriſtian Potentates, it appears on the contrary, that they are reſolved to maintain the Peace with the Chriſtians, and particularly with his Imperial Majeſty. [*Thus ſay the Letters from Vienna; but we take it to be begging the Queſtion: It is yet too early Days to pronounce what will be the Conſequence of this great Revolution.*]

LONDON, *Aug.* 17.

A Peck Wheaten Loaf, Weight 17 Pounds 6 Ounces and a Dram, is ſold for 1 s. and ſmaller Bread in proportion.

Octob. 19. Yeſterday an Expreſs arrived at the Office at Whitehall, belonging to the Right Hon. the Lord Harrington, His Majeſty's Principal Secretary of State for the Northern Province, dated at Odenzee the 12th Inſtant N. S. giving an Account of the Death of his Daniſh Majeſty, who departed this Life ſuddenly the ſame Morning, between the Hours of 2 and 3. The Day before his Death was his Birth-day, when he entred into the 61ſt Year of his Age. And on the 14th Inſtant Chriſtian VI. was proclaimed with the uſual Ceremonies.

On the 10th Inſtant, about 10 at Night, died at his Houſe in Hanover Square, the Right Rev. Father in God, Dr. Wm. Talbot, Lord Biſhop of Durham.

Nov. 17. We hear his Majeſty has been pleaſed to grant to Mr. Cibber the Place of Poet Laureat, in the Room of the Rev. Mr. Euſden, deceaſed; a Place of 200 l. per Ann.

We hear that the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Raymond, Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench, will be created a Peer, and made Lord Privy Seal. That

The Attorney General will be made Lord Chief Juſtice of the Court of King's Bench in his Room. That

The Solicitor General will ſucceed the Attorney General, And that

Nicholas Fazakerley, Eſq; will be made Solicitor General.

The Government have received certain Advice, that the French have actually begun to raze the new Fortifications of Dunkirk.

Dublin, Octob. 13. We hear that a Colonel and ſome Officers in the Service of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, are arrived with proper Warrants from London, to beat up for Voluntiers in any Part of this Kingdom, to the Number of 750, in Order to fill up the Iriſh Regiments in France.

Count

Count Broglio, Embaſſador of France to the Engliſh Court, has been ſoliciting for this Order theſe two Years paſt. We have the melancholy News from Kinſale, that on Sunday laſt in the high Wind, a fine large new Ship, called the Lucia, was forced aſhore and loſt, and moſt of the Crew drowned; She came from Virginia with Tobacco, and was Burthen 300 Tons,

Boſton, Jan. 4. It appears by our Weekly Accounts of Burials and Baptiſms, that from January 5, 1729-30. to January 4, 1730-1. there have been buried in this Town, Whites 775. Blacks 165. In all 940. Baptized 430.

New-York, Jan. 18. We hear that the Ship Katharine belonging to this Port, is arrived at Briſtol, but the Capt. (Reading) and 5 of his Men were waſh'd over-board and loſt.

Prices of the following Goods here, Wheat from 3 s. 3 d. to 3 s 6 d. Flour 9 s. 9 d. to 10 s. White Bread 16 s. Midling 13 s. 6 d Brown 11 s. 6 d. Indian Corn, 2 s. 6 d. Beef 1 l. 15 s. Pork 3 l. Salt 3 s. Rum 2 s. 10 d. Melaſſes 18 d. Loaf-ſugar 13 d. Double Refined 20 d.

Cuſtom-Houſe, New-York, Jan. 19. *Entred inwards.* Lawrence from Barbadoes. *Entred out*, Floyd for Jamaica, Bedford for Briſtol, Robinſon for Rhode-Iſland. *Cleared out*, Henton and Phœnix to Barbadoes, Kip to St. Kits, Keirſted to Jamaica, Barnes to Rhode-Iſland.

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 26.

From Boſton by the laſt Poſt we have a ſecond Speech of Gov. Belcher's to the Aſſembly there, in which he principally remonſtrates to them, That they have taken no Notice of the moſt important Parts of his laſt Speech; That the Bill they paſt for fixing his Salary was ſo ambiguous and uncertain, that he is ſure they had no Expectation of his Conſent to it; That all farther Contention will be but a fruitleſs ſpending of Money, for that the King will certainly effect what they undutifully oppoſe, and probably in ſuch a Manner as ſhall make them repent their Obſtinacy; And That if they will not reconſider the Bill, and thoroughly amend it conformable to the Inſtruction, he ſhall be under a neceſſity of diſſolving them, and giving the Country an Opportunity, which he thinks they very much deſire, of manifeſting their Inclinations to Obedience, &c. by a new and more ſuitable Choice. ----- Accordingly on the *Saturday* following, that Aſſembly was diſſolved by his Excellency's Order.

We hear from Burlington, that on Tueſday the 19th of this Inſtant, a Marriage was conſummated between Edward Peirce, Eſq; Attorney General of the Jerſies, and Mrs. Catherine Talbot, Widow of Mr. Robert Talbot, deceaſed: A Lady of great Merit.

From York we hear, that ------- Skuyler, Eſq; Proprietor of the great Copper Mine there, is lately dead.

Cuſtom-Houſe, Philadelphia, Entred inwards.

Brigt. Philadelphia Hope, George Spafford, from Jamaica.

Entred outwards.

Ship Watts Galley, Wm. Wallace, for Gibraltar.
Brigt. Salley, Thomas James, for Jamaica

Cleared out.

Ship Molly, Samuel Cornock, to South Carolina.
Brigt. Factory, John Rammage, to Barbadoes.

Buried in the ſeveral Burying-Grounds of this City in a Week paſt.

Church	1.	Baptiſts		1.
Quakers	3.	Strangers	Whites	3.
Presbyterians	1.		Blacks	6.

Advertiſements.

ALL Perſons indebted to the Eſtate of *Richard Hill*, Eſq; deceaſed, are deſired forthwith to come and pay the ſame; which will prevent their being troubled by his Executors, *Lloyd Zachary*, *Mordecai Lloyd.*

Philadelphia, Jan. 26, 1730-31.

RUN away on the 12th of this Inſtant, from *Samuel Eves* near *New-Caſtle*, Sadler, two ſervant men, *viz. Benjamin Berry*, of middle ſtature, but ſlender; ſpeaks good Engliſh, but ſomewhat drawing; freſh fair complection, grey eyes, ſhort ſtrait brown hair: Had on an old beaver hat with large brims, a blueiſh grey home-ſpun plain-made coat much worn, with braſs buttons ſet with glaſs; old leather breeches patch'd on both knees, yarn ſtockings; and old ſhoes, with a hole cut in the inſtep, and nails in the ſoal. The other is a middle-siz'd man, freſh full face, much pock-broken, wears a cap, and an old felt hat, ozenbrigs ſhirt, a light-colour'd drugget coat, broke on the ſhoulders, with mohair buttons, leather breeches, yarn ſtockings much darn'd, old ſhoes with nails. They have a counterfeit paſs with them: it is thought they will change their names and alter their habit. Whoever ſecures them ſhall have *Three Pounds* Reward and reaſonable charges paid, by *Samuel Eves.*

WHEREAS *Ann* the Wife of *Benjamin Aſhton*, of *Lower Dublin*, in *Philadelphia* County, hath eloped from her ſaid Husband; This is to deſire all Perſons to give her no Credit on his Account, for he will not pay any Debts ſhe ſhall contract after the Publication hereof. *Philad. Jan.* 12. 1731. *Benjamin Aſhton.*

THIS is to certifie whom it may concern, That on the 8th day of *January*, every thing was made up between *Benjamin Aſhton* and his Wife, upon his promiſing before ſeveral worthy Gentlemen to put away the *red-hair'd* Girl, *&c.* but inſtead of putting her away, he locked himſelf up with her in the Room, and ſhut his Wife big with Child into the Kitchen to lie by the Fire: ſo that ſhe is abus'd by his charging her with an Elopement, inaſmuch as ſhe has offered herſelf ſeveral Times, and particularly went home and ſtay'd with him until the 18th Inſtant, and would gladly have continu'd, being by reaſon of her Condition unable to ſhift for herſelf at preſent.

Jan 26. 1730. *Anne Aſhton.*

RUN away from *Abraham Gudding*, Coroner of this County, a Servant Man named *John Fryer*, formerly Servant to Col. *French* deceas'd, a middle-siz'd Man, well ſet, black complection, wears his own Hair which is [illegible] black, has a Scar under his Chin having once attempted to cut his Throat: His Cloaths are dark colour'd and made faſhionable, with a great Coat of the ſame colour, and probably for want of Shoes wears his Boots. He was ſold out of this Priſon by the Sheriff on the 24th Inſtant, having been try'd for breaking open the Store of Mr. *John Read*, out of which he ſtole ſundry Goods. Whoever ſecures him will do good Service to the Publick, and ſhall have *Forty Shillings* Reward with reaſonable Charges paid, by *Abraham Gudding.* *New-Caſtle, Decem.* 30.

RALPH SANDIFORD being bound for *England*, hath printed a Second Impreſſion of his *Negroe Treatiſe* to be diſtributed by him *Gratis*, or by *Matthias Aſpdin* his Attorney; unto whom all Perſons indebted to him are deſired to pay the ſame with Speed, to prevent Charge to themſelves.

AND whereas ſome Perſons would not apply for his Books *Gratis*, the Printer having Leave from the Author, has them ready for Sale at 12 d. a-piece, at the *New Printing-Office* near the *Market*. *Note*, There are great Additions.

STRAY'D away on Saturday Night laſt from the Barn of *Peter Gardner* in *Blockley* Townſhip, a large Horſe of a deep Bay Colour, large black Main and Foretop, and ſwitch Tail; the Hair wore off above one of his Feet by wearing a Clog; he is about ſix Years old; branded with a great G and a T within it on the near Buttock. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Horſe, ſo that the Owner may have him again, ſhall have *Twenty Shillings* Reward, and reaſonable Charges, paid by me *Peter Gardner.*

Jan. 25. 1730, 1.

PHILADELPHIA: Printed by *B. Franklin* and *H. Meredith*, at the *New Printing-Office* near the Market, where Advertiſements are taken in, and all Perſons may be ſupplied with this Paper, at *Ten Shillings* a Year.